2: Lesser E-4, 5 (1930-1931) 1933
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VI.

THE OLD PAWNEE HAND GAME[1]

When the Pawnee lived in Nebraska, and for some time after they removed to Oklahoma, the hand game kept its traditional place in Pawnee life as a gambling game. It was a game for men only, and primarily an adults' game; the women did not participate and were not supposed to come near where the men were playing. The game was conceived as a warpath, and so dramatized: and warpaths for the Pawnee were activities excluding the participation of women. The men's game was usually a contest between two Pawnee bands, in which one would visit the other for the express purpose of playing a hand game and gambling on the result. Small boys, in imitation of their elders, would play hand games and gamble. And in the same way that one Pawnee band visited another to challenge them to play the hand game, men of one Pawnee band would visit a tribe with whom they were on friendly terms for a hand-game contest. For the most part, it was a game for the younger men; maturer men, like chiefs and braves, usually did not gamble.

The three old types of play will be more lucid from short narratives[2]:

THE BOYS' HAND GAME

When small boys played a hand game, it came about as part of their play around the village. Some group of boys would decide to play the way their elders did, and as many or as few as there were,

[1] The old Pawnee gambling hand game has not heretofore been described. Culin, in his monographic treatment of Games of the North American Indians, quotes, p. 276, on Pawnee a passage from G. B. Grinnell, Story of the Indian, p. 27. The description of the method of play in the passage differs fundamentally from that herein reported. Examination shows that the quoted passage is a generalized description by Grinnell of the hand game among Indian tribes of the Plains. No reference suggests that he intended it as a description of play among the Pawnee. Culin was no doubt misled by the fact that, following the passage quoted, Grinnell tells the story of a game between Pawnee and Cheyenne scouts in the army, in which a Cheyenne was caught cheating; but in recounting this episode Grinnell does not describe the form of play. Grinnell was familiar with the game among more than eight tribes, and was probably not overconcerned in a popular treatment with the local tribal variations in play.

[2] As told by Mark Evarts; somewhat edited.

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525 they would go off somewhat from the village and choose sides.
857 Someone of them would find sticks and break up eight sticks to make a tally set, and would make two little rings of willow to use as the counters to hide. Some of the boys would steal wood from the woodpiles in the lodges or around the tipis, and build a fire where the boys had decided to play.

When they had the place ready and the fire going, each boy would make up his own mind which side he would be on, so long as the division came out evenly; and each side selected its own leader. To the boys it made no difference what the orientation of their arrangements were; if the sides were north of the fire and south of the fire, or east of the fire and west of it, made little difference to them. Usually they had the scorekeepers at the west, in imitation of their elders. The boys would bet anything they had, such as things they wore, betting on the outcome of the individual games, and would go on playing games as long as a losing side had anything they could put up against the winnings of their opponents. They picked their guessers and decided for themselves which side should guess first. In the play of the game, they followed out the game as given above, playing it and scoring it the usual way. They kept no order in giving the willow rings to players to hide, giving them as much as possible to boys who were known to be good hiders and quick and adept at deception. Their principal object was to win the game, on the outcome of which they had wagered shirts, rings and other things that could not well be spared.

525 The boys sang songs to the play of the game, and accompanied
533 the singing with hand-clapping. The side which held the willow-
857 rings did the singing and hand-clapping, using it to confuse the guesser. The songs were boys' songs essentially, that they had made up at one time or another, or that they had learned from other boys, although when possible they learned and used adult songs. They were often coarse and always more or less funny. Such refrains as the following are typical:

"My grandmother's out of joint" etc. (referring to her knee).

"My grandmother fell— she raised a cloud of dust", etc.

[831] "Hurry up grandma and come, come quick we want to win."

[603] "The balls swing round, swing round," etc. (referring to the testicles).

The songs indicate the license in speech and action between boys and their grandmothers, which accurately reflects the family conditions.

525 The boys who held the willow-rings to hide would motion with
857 their hands back and forth; they made efforts to deceive as well

2: Lesser E-4, 5 (1930-1931) 1933
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as confuse, and it seems likely, that, as in the adults' game, the hidden rings were shifted back and forth from hand to hand as adeptly as possible. Often the boys would fight over the play of the game. The guesser particularly had to be bold and fearless because even when he won the willow-rings, those who held them would often refuse to give them up. Then he had to fight for them.

THE INTER-BAND GAME

The men's game as played by Pawnee bands against each other is illustrated by the following narrative of a game played in Oklahoma in early days by the Kitkahaxki[s] against the Skiri.

A Kitkahaxki[s] man who wanted to go to play the Skiri, asked a friend to join him as assistant leader, and got together a party of Kitkahaxki[s] youths. Mark Evarts, a Skiri, was then a boy at school, and a friend of the Kitkahaxki[s] organizer. This man asked Mark to join the party so Mark started off with the Kitkahaxki[s]. As he passed under the windows of the girls' dormitory building, a girl leaned out and called, "Where are you going, Mark?" He answered, "We're going to play a hand game, give me something to take along," whereat she threw down a shawl of hers for him to take along to bet with. Each member of the party carried a supply of articles to wager. The leader carried a pipe.

The leader spoke of their going saying, "Well, we're going on the warpath to play the Skiri a hand game."

When they got to the Skiri village, the village crier came out and asked, "What is it?" The Kithahaxki[s] leader, carrying the pipe, replied, "We've come on the warpath for the hand game." At that the old crier ran back and began calling out through the encampment, "there's a party from the west have come to our Skiri camp on the warpath for the hand game. Now boys get the wood and pile it up right here." Boys began to haul wood and heap it up in one place outdoors. A crowd of Skiri gathered around the visiting party. Knifechief, as the Skiri leader, took the Kitkahaxki[s] leader and two or three others home to supper. Other members of the party were taken into other lodges to eat. While they were eating, a large fire was started outside on the game ground. Soon the announcer could be heard outside calling, "Come on everybody."

They form two halves of a circle. The Kitkahaxki[s] sit in a semi-circle on the west side of the fire, from north to south, the Skiri on the east side from north to south. The two leaders of their sides sit at the north with the eight tally sticks in one bunch between them. All the Skiri players are seated. (Fig. 1) They are the home players. They outnumber the visiting challengers. Skiri

5: Dorsey & Murie E, I-5 (1903-1907) 1940
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784 841 teristic at a bundle ceremony would distract the attention of the supernatural beings. If a menstruating woman were near a bundle spread out as an altar, the supernatural power supposed to reside in the objects on the altar would disappear; the corn mother would be corn mother no longer but simply an ear of corn, the bird messenger between the deities and man would become simply a bird skin, and so on. The odor of blood was pleasing to the gods, but not this kind of blood, which was associated with human passion. If a menstruating woman should go into a ceremony of the medicine-men, the strong human odor would cause the power of the medicine-men to leave them, and they would fail in their sleight of hand. The lodge where the ceremony was being held was for the time being an animal's lodge; it was full of animal power, over which each medicine-man was striving to make himself master. In this attempt he would fail should a menstruating woman be present, for she would cause him to become essentially human. What animal power he had would quickly desert him.

881 882 607 836 The custom in vogue when a girl reached puberty has been noted. When a boy reached this stage, there was no formal ceremony to mark the event. He was, however, taken in charge by his mother's brother's wife. From this time until his marriage, he maintained sexual relations with her, and entered a different stage immediately after having had intercourse with this woman. When her real husband was off hunting or on the warpath, the youth continued marital relations with her. Thus it might happen that for four or [595] five years a woman would have an additional "husband," or possibly three or four, with a temporary state of polyandry thereby prevailing. [834] No such custom as this existed for girls, as they were supposed to remain virgins until marriage.

882 291 Up to this time the boy went naked, except for a blanket or robe in cold weather. From then on he wore leggings, and otherwise dressed as a man.

● 857 A further word should be said as to the relationship of the sexes. Great freedom was allowed children, and it was their custom as they neared puberty to play the game of man and wife. They built small grass lodges which they furnished as were the lodges of their parents. 836 Should the parents, however, suspect that an improper relationship might ensue, the girls were more carefully watched or might be kept at home. Thereafter the only opportunity for the boy to see the girl would be at the spring or creek when the girl went for water, or he might see her by stealth in the evening near her lodge. Often this

then they charge backward and forward in wild affright, neighing shrilly, until they have again found their proper place in the line of march. Many of the yearling colts have very small and light packs tied on their backs, while the two-year-olds are often ridden by the tiniest of Indian boys, who are now giving them their first lesson in weight-carrying. Loose horses of all ages roam about at will, and their continual cries mingle with the barking of dogs, the calls of women and the yells of boys, and make an unceasing noise.

The boys are boiling over with animal spirits, and, like their civilized brothers of the same age, are continually running about, chasing each other, wrestling, shooting arrows and playing games, of which the familiar stick game seems the favorite.

Whenever the column draws near any cover, which may shelter game, such as a few bushes in a ravine, or the fringe of low willows along some little watercourse, the younger men and boys scatter out and surround it. They beat it in the most thorough manner, and any game which it contains is driven out on the prairie, surrounded and killed. The appearance even of a jackass rabbit throws the boys into a fever of excitement, and causes them to shriek and yell as if in a frenzy.

All the morning I rode with the Indians, either at the head of the column, chatting as best I could with *Pi'ta Le-shar* and other chiefs, or falling back and riding among the women and children, whom I never tired of watching. Frequently during the day I saw at a distance, on the prairie, small bunches of buffalo in full flight, hotly pursued by dark-skinned riders, and occasionally two or three men would ride up to the marching columns with heavy loads of freshly-killed meat. The quick-heaving, wet flanks of the ponies told a story of sharp, rapid chases, and their tossing heads and eager, excited looks showed how much interest they took in the hunt.

The report of firearms was seldom heard. Most of the Indians hunted with the primitive weapon of their forefathers—the bow and arrow. For buffalo running an arrow is nearly as effective as lead. The power of the bow in expert hands is tremendous. Riding within half a dozen yards of the victim's side, the practiced bowman will drive the dart so far through the body of the buffalo that its shaft may project a foot or more from the opposite side—some-

12: Grinnell N-5 (1870-1885)1961 NQ18 Pawnee NQ18

224 Often it was impossible to determine whether these figures were horsemen or buffalo, but sometimes, far away, I could see a mimic chase in which pursuer and pursued appeared no larger than ants.

857 223 484 As I came up with the Indians, they were just descending into the stream bottom, where camp was to be made. The small boys had, as usual, dispersed themselves over the valley and among the underbrush. Many of the squaws, leaving the ponies and packs to their sister-wives or children, were hurrying up or down the stream to gather wood. Already the leading ponies were being relieved of their loads. Suddenly, from the mouth of a little ravine coming down into the stream bottom, rose a chorus of shrill yelps and shrieks from childish throats, and a gang of wild turkeys were seen, running rapidly through the high grass toward the hills. A moment later, with a loud *quit-quit* of alarm, they took wing, but not before several of their number had fallen before the missiles of the boys. Most of them went up or down the creek, but one inexperienced bird took its course directly over our heads.

223 [132] [409] Those who have seen the Indian only on dress parade, talk of his stolidity, impassiveness, and his marvelous control over his countenance and his emotions. This demeanor he can and does assume, and when he is with white men, or among strangers, he is usually all that he has been pictured; but take him by himself, and he expresses his feelings with as little restraint as a child. So it was now. No grave chief, nor battle-scarred warrior, nor mighty worker of *ti-war'-uks-ti* (magic) was too dignified to express his interest at the appearance of this great bird sailing laboriously along, thirty or forty feet above him. It was as if the turkey had flown over a great company of schoolboys, and the utter abandonment of the excited multitude, the entire absence of restraint, the perfect naturalness of the expression of feeling, had in them something very delightful and infectious. Every Indian, who held in his hand anything that was light enough to throw, hurled it at the bird, and a cloud of whips, sticks, hatchets, fleshers, and arrows, rose to meet it as it passed along. One missile knocked from its tail a few long feathers, which drifted slowly down on the heads of the people. It kept on, but before it had passed beyond the long line of Indians extending back over the

14: Weltfish E-4, 5 (1928-1936, 1954) 1965
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The boy was also taught that his paternal aunt whom he called *atira*, "my mother," would also give him a home. If the relationship were good he would come to her house and say, "*Tatiriraka*, I have a home here," and he could request a permanent or a temporary home with these relatives. He might remark, "*Atira*, I'm hungry," or "mother, I'm tired. I want a place to sleep here." The brothers of these women were called *atias*, "my father," but no fatherly conduct was expected of them as they were married into different households. Formal behavior such as characterized the relation between father and son was the only thing expected of them. The husbands of these kindly paternal aunts were called *atipat*, "grandpa," possibly to denote their unfailing benevolence toward the "child" to match that of their wives. Periodically, while the individuals in this relationship were still children, they would be invited to the house and "grandpa" would feast them on some delicacies that he had bought at the trade store, joking with them all the while.

The boy Otter enjoyed such a place in the home of Eagle Chief. The three wives of Eagle Chief were sisters to Victory Call, who often went there to relax and to enjoy their hospitality. Otter called these women, *atira* and he called Eagle Chief *atipat*. Eagle Chief would decide upon occasion to entertain four or five children who were in this relation to him as a courtesy to his wives and incidentally as a good public relations gesture for himself, for a chief had to maintain the good will of his constituency. He would go to the trade store and get some favorite foods such as dried prunes, flour, sugar, and coffee and then would send his wives to invite the children. The children sat lined up in a row and Eagle Chief began to tease them. He said, "Look at that fellow. He has two heads. See how he's looking all around the room to see what he can find." Then he would speak to the girls, "Look at that girl painting her face. Is that my paint?" Or he would say to his wives, "Don't give this fellow too many prunes. I think I'll eat them myself this evening." The women would answer with mock hostility, "Well, it's *theirs*. You bought it for *them* to eat." "Say," Eagle Chief would continue, "this fellow eats too fast." "Let them eat!" said the women. "The way you go on, the children might choke. Say, let them eat. Now children don't listen to him!" If they had a piece of fried bread left from the feast the children would try to carry it home to their mothers, but most of the time the older children would grab it as they went through the village.

The joking relationship between grandparent and grandchild was an important social resource. At a family meal where they should have light and cheerful conversation, they would prod a small boy into teasing his "grandpa." If no grandfather were available, they would indicate to the boy that he ought to pay more attention to his brother's wife—the "brother" usually being a quite distant blood relative and an older man. Otter was in such a relationship with Old Bull and they called

3.	*aristi kustiwu*	Of my own accord I will go (to you)
4.	*wirakukuwatu*	when I am lonesome.
5.	*hiru hira hai ira'*	(Sung syllables)

A woman sings:

1.	*ha ku ahaku* (repeat 3 times)	See! There he is sitting,
2.	*tisiratuutara* (ha i)	this is the one I did it with.

Another woman's song:

1.	*taku hiru kuu iia'*	Someone here I wish he were coming.
2.	*titaku hewa hiru kuu iia*	Right here again here I wish he were coming.

And finally, the nostalgia of a man:

1.	*atsiksu tatuuta*	My thoughts are
2.	*tihi rarux kusaaru*	upon the other bed.

Friendships among women were much more limited than among men, as there was little opportunity to form them. Women were closely confined to the home base from an early age and spent a great deal of their life there. While the boys were quite small, boys and girls played in groups in the village but when the boy was ten or twelve he began to go to pasture with the horses and thus separated himself from the girls who were more closely attached to their mothers at this time and were taking the first steps toward learning the techniques of planting and the household routines. Just before sundown, from each of the villages, people would be walking down different paths to the water about a mile away. This was an opportunity for meeting. Little girls when going for water would stop each other and talk. The first overtures in courtship were often made here. Once the girl was married at about fifteen, she no longer had time for her girl friends. The mature woman was so preoccupied with all the work she had to do that she had no time at all for such activities. Women addicted to gambling formed a group apart in a sense, but their association was not so much in the nature of friendship as a common "affliction." Old ladies were a little more free to develop "cronies." John B. Dunbar (1881, p. 740), missionary to the Tsawi Band 1835–1836 and 1846–1847, describes the Pawnee woman at work in the following words:

> They were given to assembling in little groups: while busily plying their tasks, their gossiping volubility found unrestrained freedom and was to all appearances inexhaustible. Their conversation was often quite interesting

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571 and facetious. Displays of wit were quite common with both sexes, and
521 often descended to mere *double entendre*. . . . Still the grotesque group-
ing and application of ideas was often quite entertaining: A nickname for
[551] a tall, slender person, *asu-katu-has-tawiu* ("shoe-shadow-string," shadow of
a shoe string), or *karastiat* ("I will not go out"); *kusatsua* ("it will rain").
In reply, *A* ("well"), *uksawatsatsua* ("even if it were to rain"), *kaiit*
("salt"); *karas* ("are you?").

857 The boy had a more complicated social life in the community and
858 types of friendship were likely to be more varied and more numerous
867 than a girl's. The parents supervised the associations of the little boys in
early childhood. The parents in prominent families did not allow their
boys to play with children who had no mother or father to imbue them
with right ideas, or whose parents were too ill-informed to do so. It was
said of a poor boy who had no supervision that he played around the
trash pile. Children that moved to a different part of the village seldom
retained their former friends. In these early years, children were not
[601] very well versed in the use of kin terms, and if they were in a small
group they would either use some kin terms for one another or no term
[551] of address at all. If the group included ten, twelve or more, they would
use the simple names of childhood—Tiny, Little Eyes, Blacky, Whitey,
etc.

883 From the ages of twelve to fifteen, the boys began to take the horses out
572 to pasture and linger for some hours on the banks of the stream. Here more
lasting friendships developed. When they reached the age of nineteen
or twenty they began to do voluntary scout duty, watching for the
[726] enemy from the heights around the village and looking around the coun-
tryside for evidences of an attacking enemy. Then came war expedi-
tions into enemy country and finally admission to one of the various
Doctor Cults and in some cases, to the chiefs' council. In each of these
contexts, special friendships developed or were cemented from previous
occasions.

533 Sometimes a man would awaken in the night and start to sing, and the
[726] song would be taken up from house to house for a good part of the
night. Scouts keeping watch would make a practice of singing through
the night to let the enemy know that they were awake and watching.
Some of these songs were religious, some from stories. One of these songs
that was popular concerned the friendship of two young men. We do
not know the story context from which it came, but the song itself con-
cerns the thoughts of a young woman who noticed that there were two
young men who went around everywhere together, traveling, hunting,
and going on the warpath, and she wondered, "Will they always be true
to each other? Will their friendship endure?" The following (Dunbar,
[539] 1881, p. 747) is the text (the first line being repeated six times):

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Finally they had the formal procession in which all the sacred objects were carried down to the stream. The chief who was to lead the procession was called by the priest and dressed in the clothes that had just been donated. The sacred pipe from the Big Black Meteoric Star bundle was placed in his hands. The bundle keepers retrieved the sacred ears of corn from the "Garden" and placed them next to their bundles. A prominent warrior who had ownership rights to the Big Black Meteoric Star bundle led the main body of the procession bearing the star chart. Immediately following him were to be three men with quivers from the sacred bundles. These four sat near the entrance, lined up one behind the other, while arrangements were being made for the bearers of the rest of the objects. Meanwhile men from different villages had come in and seated themselves in front of their respective village bundles. Two men from each were selected to carry the "Mothers" or sacred ears of corn, others to carry the hawkskins symbolizing warriors and owlskins symbolizing chiefs that were also contained in the bundles. And last of all, the leading chief who was to head the procession went out and rounded up all the little boys he could find—an act signifying his watchfulness over the people. The little boys were given minor objects from the sacred bundles to carry, particularly the raccoon bones attached to the sticks with which meat was removed from the soup during the ceremonial banquets, or the arrowshafts used as pipe tampers and sticks to tend the fire.

Now there was a race to the river; the priests singing and shaking their gourd rattles while the objects were being given out. When they got to the fourth song, the warrior with the star chart jumped up and began to run toward the river as fast as he could, the quiver bearers close behind him. As they pushed out through the long entryway of the lodge, everyone tried to follow, and anyone who overtook the man with the star chart on the way to the river took it from him and ran on until he came to the bank where it was returned to him.

The crowd standing along the river bank now grouped itself into four symmetrical rows. In the first row, front center, was the warrior with his star chart. He was flanked on both sides by the men with quivers, who were in turn flanked by the men with the sacred ears of corn. In the second row were the men with hawkskins and owlskins. In the third row were people with less important bundle objects such as braids of sweetgrass usually burned as incense, buckskin pouches containing red, black, and white paints, pieces of enemy scalp, and other objects peculiar to the particular sacred bundle. Finally, bringing up the rear in the fourth row were the little boys with their raccoon bone forks, arrowshaft fire pokers, and pipe tampers.

The group now parted ranks. Down the middle came the chief carrying the sacred pipe to the water. He waded in and symbolically washed himself by dipping his right hand and then his left into the water, each

was made in oblong form about three feet long and a foot and a half wide, with its long axis running north–south.

The next step was to get everything in order for cooking. They had enough water, and now they needed wood for fuel. As she was pegging down the tent, No Corn remarked to her husband, Horse Rider, "We're pretty nearly finished now and we have no wood." Then he would go off carrying a long rope. He used the rope as a kind of lasso: attaching a stick about a foot long to the end, he would throw it up around a dry cottonwood limb and the cord would wind itself around the limb so that it could be pulled down. It would take considerable skill to pull it down without having it fall on your head, which sometimes happened despite the best of care. Horse Rider tried to get enough wood to last them for that evening and the next day while they stayed at the rendezvous camp. Some of the wood he gathered from the ground, tied it up with his cord, and came into camp carrying it on his back. As soon as he got in, he made the fire and White Woman began to cook. They had a simple meal of bread and coffee and some sand cherries for dessert. No Corn volunteered to make the coffee. While the cooking was going on, the old ladies were stretched out resting, and Victory Call was doing the same. Everyone was very tired. It was proper to joke a bit while the food was being prepared and during the meal. Horse Rider began to tease No Corn about how she had fallen in the water.

Immediately after supper the women cleared up the dishes and sat down to rest—tired from all their work. Horse Rider went off to see how the horses were getting along and Victory Call went up and sat on top of one of the sand hills to have a smoke and to look around and at the encampment below. Presently five or six men joined him for a smoke and some conversation.

The boy Otter ran off at once to the river to go swimming with the rest of the children. On the way he saw some other little boys leaning over a pond. "See the sunfish. Let's 'choke' them!" They tied some bread to the end of a string and let it down into the pond and as the fish bit, they pulled them up and 'choked' them. Then the boys went off and gave the fish to an old woman who was living alone in a shelter she had built for herself. Her relatives gave her something, but would not take care of her and she had no other place to go. "Here, grandma," they said, "Here's some fish." "That's fine," said the old lady. Later that summer while they were setting up camp one day, the boys came to give her fish and she was dead. They dug a hole in the embankment against which she had been leaning and buried her there. Man Chief, who was Eagle Chief's son, and a generous young man, gave a red blanket to wrap her in. There were only one or two old women alone like this. Sometimes while they were on the hunt, such old people would say, "Just give me enough to eat and go on."

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51

THINGS OF WOOD MADE BY MAN

The Bow—the Bowstring—the Arrow—the Pipestems—the Stone Bowl—the Individual Styles of Bowls

THE MEN MADE THE BOWS, arrowshafts, pipestems, and cottonwood water drums.

The Bow. In the past the Osage Orange (*Toxylon pomiferum*) was the most highly valued wood for bows. At this time they used ash (*Fraxinus pennsylvanica*) known as *kirik-taka*, "eye-white." Every man made his own bow, though some were more and some less skilled. Little boys also made bows of ashwood to shoot birds. Ashwood was best gathered in the fall, generally in October before they left on the winter hunt. The ashwood saplings were left sticking among the willows in the ceiling to season, until they got back in the spring.

It took two days to make a bow. By splitting it in two down the length, two bows could be made from one sapling, unless it were not quite straight, when only one could be made. In each case, the outer surface of the tree became the outer surface of the bow.

The shaping was done by heating the stick in the coals until it was warm throughout and pliable. Putting the foot on the middle of the outside surface, the two ends were drawn very gently upward, and then each end was recurved with the foot so that the bow had a wide shallow dent in its back. The sinew bowstring was fastened to one end permanently, and at the other there was a series of notches in the bow so that the string could be tightened when in use and loosened at other times. (See Figure 51-1.)

Once, after Victory Call had died, Otter's adoptive father caught a panther and decided to honor the boy by making him a quiver of it. Not

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231 The problem of the horses was especially acute and of major concern.
177 From archaeology and written history we know that the Pawnees had acquired horses nearly two hundred years before this time. But apparently there were many essential techniques of horse care that they had not adopted from the European. For example, Lone Chief had only recently found out that they should store hay for their horses in the winter. There were no shoes for the horses. When a horse broke his hoof they tied on a "shoe" of hide.

231 If it snowed before they left the village or after they got back, the
• [857] horses had to have special care. The young boys who took care of them in summer could not be utilized at this season for the purpose. Anyway, they were more interested in sliding on the ice. The women had to go a mile south to get whatever hay they could, and in the evening the horses
[417] were put in a corral near the lodge—a round structure of upright sticks with a gate that was closed across with five sticks. Inside there was a manger that was filled with hay when the horses were settled in for the night. They tried to economize on feed by taking them to graze at intervals during the day. In the morning, after being fed some more hay, they were taken from the corral to the bend of Beaver Creek where there was good grass. By noon they were brought back to the village and hobbled close by. Then toward evening, if snow were expected, they were again taken to Beaver Creek to graze in order to save the hay in the corral where they would have to be kept while it was snowing. If it got too cold, they would have to take the horses into the earth lodge and settle them near the wood pile. The long entrance passageway was quite large enough to accommodate them. While they were on the hunt, the horses had to be covered with an old tent skin during the night.

Some families tried to anticipate these problems by putting their horses in the best possible condition during the fall. Toward the end of September or the beginning of October, they would send them out to Grand Island for about six weeks under the care of a group of men and boys. On the island the horses could wander more or less freely, graze, rest, and water at will. Near the villages the grass was dry at this time, but here it was green and fresh and the horses would fatten. Allowed to run
[232] loose, they mated freely. No selective breeding was practiced. Some people had their horses gelded by one of the men who knew how. He tied up the horse and used certain medicines, tying up the wound with sticks
[465] which would fall off by themselves later. A buffalo robe and dry meat were paid for the operation. When he was about twelve, Otter was sent
231 on such an expedition. He was told to take the mare, a colt, and a gray
857 horse and join the others. They said to him, "If the Sioux overtake you, you must get on the gray horse and you will get away unless you are thrown off. Then, since you have no weapons, you will be killed." With this cheerful admonition, Otter set out about ten in the morning,

14: Weltfish E-4, 5 (1928-1936, 1954) 1965
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taking half a sack of flour, some sugar, coffee, and baking powder as provisions. He went to the place on the Union Pacific Railroad known as Windmill and then across the sandhills on the north edge of the island, meeting the others at about two in the afternoon.

The men and boys had a good time of it on these expeditions. They built themselves dome-shaped grass houses, *kahuruut*, of big willow twigs. Their saddles served as pillows and the saddle blankets as bedding. If they wanted an especially soft bed, they put hay and willows underneath. The older men got up very early and looked around on the sandhills. Some of them cooked the bread and coffee that comprised their main diet. Otter had a cup and he shared a plate with another boy who had brought one along. Sometimes a white man, having killed a beef, would give them a chunk of it. They had great times!

Considering their dependence on the horses, the Pawnees were remarkably unsentimental about them. They never called them by name, only referring to them in conversation by such names as Spotted Horse, Spotted Black Horse, Spotted Red Horse, Black Face Horse, White Hoof, Spotted on the Side, Black Nose, White Horse, Yellow Horse, Roan Horse, Red Head, High Forehead. There was no personal identification with them.